What did it all mean! Did he love this

girl? His heart throbbed quickly at the thought. He stood still a minute, and

wanted to go back and tell her that he did.

Then, by an effort he walked on.
He reasoned with himself. This afternoon he had not thought of her; he had forgotten her. Could a man learn to love a

woman in an hour? Had he loved her all the time, long before this trouble came to

him that hung like a great curtain over his

past life? Was it that he was so lonely, so forlorn and miserable, and that her sympathy had been the first thing that had glided into his life, like a sunbeam into a

Cell, to share his sorrow with him?

What did it matter? What did he care?

It was unreasonable, inexplicable, absurd perhaps, but he loved her—loved her with all his heart. Then he thought of his tarnished name and humbled life, and

knew that these were what he must bring to her. But immediately his hoart gave a great bound, as he remembered that it was after she knew all this that she had asked

him to come to her again. He thought of her sweet face with the

crimson flood rushing over it. Oh, it did

not matter how sudden or unexpected it

was,-it would not have mattered if he had

STUART DAWSON'S REVELATION.

The fire was blazing on the nursery hearth. There was a fender in front of it. a high, old-fashioned fender, made of a sort of wire net-work, painted green and surmounted by a brass rod. On this fender hung the night-clothes of a little child.

The child himself, a little boy of about four, stood at the hearth-rug by his mother, who was undressing him.

She was a slender little woman, with a sweet, sad face. She wore a plain black dress, and her yellow hair was half hidden under a widow's cap.

The boy's loosened clothing fell in a little heap on the floor. She lifted him to her lap, and rubbed the plump little legs and feet, which he stretched toward the fire. kissing him, and talking to him all the time in that half-tender, half-foolish language which falls so easily from a young mother's tongue. Finally, when he had been dressed again in his warm little night clothes, he knelt by her knee and repeated after her his little prayer:

"God bless papa and mamma," he said, in conclusion, "and help me to be a good boy."
She kissed him again when he had finshed, and said:

"Now go and say good-night to papa."

The child walked across the room to a large oil-painting, which, resting upon a low foot-stool, leaned against the wall. In low foot-stool, leaned against the wall. In this position it was about on a level with the child himself. It was the portrait of a young and handsome man, with black hair and eyes like those of the little child who faced it. The boy went up to it and kissed the painted lips.

"Good-night, dear papa," he said. Then he walked gravely back and reseated himself in his mother's lap.

"Why doesn't papa ever kiss me?" he

"Why doesn't papa ever kiss me?" h

A spasm of pain passed over the mother's face. She bent her head down close to the boy's curls and kissed them.

"Mamma must do it for him now," she said, "but he loves you, Stuart, all the time, just as much as I do."

"Can he see me?" "Yes, darling, he sees you and watches over you. You are his own little boy just as much as you ever were. He is sorry when you are hurt, and glad when you are happy, just as mamma is." hat's an orphant" asked the child.

"What?" said his mother, in a startled "An orphan," repeated the child. "Charley Brady called me that to day. He said I was an orphan 'cause I didn't have any papa, but I told him I wasn't. I guess he's one mself," he added, with the easy contempt

"An orphan," said his mother, putting both arms around him, "is a child whose mamma or papa dies, but you have mamma on earth, darling, and papa in heaven. You have a papa, you must never forget it. will talk to you about him every day. He was such a good, noble man, and you are going to grow up like him. Stuart. You are going to be the little boy he would be so proud and glad to have. Do you remember

"I don't frink I do," he answered. Then bolding him in her arms, and rocking him, she began to talk to him of his father. She told him little stories, full of descriptions of his looks, his ways and words. The child listened eagerly at first, then his eyelids drooped heavily, and pres-ently he was fast asleep.

She carried him into an adjoining bed-room, and put him in her own bed. Then she came back into the nursery, and stood a few minutes by the fire, which was dying away. She went over to the picture as the child had done, and knelt in front of it. Her lips moved, and she seemed to be praying silently. After a little she said, softly: "Oh, Stuart, Stuart, he shall know you and love you! I will not let you pass out of your child's life. We will love you and think of you together. I will keep you with us, Stuart, my darling, my darling."

And so all through his childhood, this was the aim of Stuart Dawson's mother. She kept ever before him the thought of a loving, noble father, and the boy grew up with a more vivid sense of the personality of his dead father than many children have

of their living parents. His mother and he were always together. She was his nurse in childhood, his teacher afterward, his dearest friend and companion always. The very love and reverence which he bore to his unseen father was a bond that bound him all the more closely to his mother, for she, of all the world, understood it. As he grew older she gave him, a few at a time, his father's things; little trinkets and keepsakes, not of great value to any one else, but sacred to these two. On his twelfth birthday she gave him his father's watch; later, his father's books, and, finally, his desk, with the pen and paper

that he had used last. "To be a good boy and please papa," was the aim of Stuart Dawson's childhood. To be an honest man and worthy to bear his father's name was the ambition of his

He and his mother were much alone, but childhood accepts its environments unquesder at this. When he was twenty-one his mother put into his hands all of her property. It was not much, but it had been enough to take care of them comfortably, and to give him an excellent education. He and his mother even took a little trip abroad after he left college, and travelers who met or journeyed with them remem-bered long afterwards the timid, gentle little woman, always dressed in black, and her tall handsome son, who gave her the devotion of a lover.

But even in this trip they carried the nory of the absent father with them. Mrs. Dawson had gone abroad with her husband soon after their marriage, and she revisited with Stuart every spot hallowed by those happy days. The trip was like a To Stuart all these reminiscences were very sweet and sacred. He was now nearly as old as his father was when he married and he had a strong sense of companion ship with this young, gallant father, standing upon the threshold of his life.

When they came home Stuart went into business, working hard and earnestly.

He was a quiet, reserved man, almost shy in the presence of women, a man of deep emotions, and of strong, but well-controlled passions. He was a son of whom any woman might be proud, honest, loyal and pure. The two deepest feelings of his heart were a tender reverence for the name and personality of his dead father, and a leve that was almost idolatry for the little mother, who seemed dearer to him than any other woman could ever be.

The picture of his father hung higher on the wall now, but the loyal little woman could stand before it, as she had done that night in the nursery years ago, and feel that she had kept her vow. His son loved him as few fathers are loved

Stuart Dawson was in his twenty-fifth year, when one day he was suddenly sum-moned by the senior member of his firm, and requested to go to New York at once and attend to some business complications that had arisen there. He had only about two hours in which to get ready.

He rushed home, told his mother and ate hasty luncheon, while she packed his bag. Then he kissed her very tenderly, and telling her that he would when to expect him ran down the steps. turning to look back as he went up the street. She was standing in the window as he knew she would be, a little, slender.
black figure outlined against the white
curtains. He smiled back at her and

waved his hand. There were no drawing-room cars in the train which he had chosen, and the seat which he at first took was, he discovered later, on the sunny side of the car. So leaving his bag in the little rack overhead, he seated himself across the way. At the first station two men entered and took the seat directly in front of him. Stuart had finished his newspaper and was leaning back half drowsily when he was surprised to hear his own name mentioned.

Stuart Dawson," said or the men. "that's the name on that ? over there. and somebow it sounds familiar. must have known that ma-"Stuart Dawson!" his co. punton repeated "why, that was the name of the cashier o the --- th National Bank in New York, dou't you know? His accounts were \$10,000 short, and he shot himself, I believe. It

was over twenty years ago, but I was with Saldwin & Co. at the time, and happened to know all about it."
"Yes," said his friend, "I remember now.

Strange, isn't it, how many men in that po-sition do that thing? The sight of money seems to be to them like the smell of whisky to a drunkard; they can't help tak-Stuart Dawson sat perfectly still. It did

impressions very slowly. It was quite a little time before he realized that it might be his father, his loved and honored father, of whom they were speaking. When he did realize it a great wave of indignation swept over him. He longed to rise and confront these men, to huri at them hot, bitter words of anger and abuse. But he did not; he sat still, and then his hands and feet seemed to grow quite cold as he said over to himself

the words that he had just heard.
"Stuart Dawson!" It was not a commo name. It was his father's name, the name that he had tried to bear pure and blameless for his dead father's sake.
After all, no one had ever talked to him

about his father but his mother. He realized it now for the first time. But could she—that sweet, saint-like woman, have deceived him all these years? Oh, no! His heart leaped with love and trust when he thought of his mother. He could have laughed at the thought of doubting her. This was some ridiculous mistake, some confusion of names, that was all. He would not even grieve his mother by repeating to her what he had heard. He determined to put it all out of his mind, but termined to put it ali out of his mind, but it was a vain determination. He found himself brooding over it, and wondering if such a thing were possible. Even when his mind was full of other things something weighed upon him and depressed him. He returned to it again and again. He tried resolutely to throw it off, but it was as impossible to evade as a fog ordark-ness. It surrounded him quite against his

He was glad to get through with his bus-iness in New York and return to his mother. He had made up his mind now to tell her.
It seemed to him that it would be a great relief to see her look of scorn and disdain. He could not expect that she would laugh with him over it, but he thought that her indignation, when she knew that the name of her idol had been assailed, would be

Yery pleasant to see. So, as he sat by the fire with his mother after his first dinner at home, he determined He had been smoking, but he tossed the

stump of his cigar into the grate and leaned across and took her hand.

It was a very little hand, slight and thin. The wedding-ring on it looked hardly large enough for a child. He stroked it softly.

"Mother," he began, "I overheard aqueer talk on the ears." He was surprised to find that his voice trembled a little.

She looked at him, responsive and interested.

"What was it, Stuart?" "It was about me, or rather about my father. At any rate, it was the same name. One man said that Stuart Dawson was cashier of the —th National Bank twenty years ago; that he stole forty thousand dollars, and then killed himself."
He had tried to speak lightly, as if it were almost a joke, but his voice failed.

There was silence in the room. mother did not answer him, or move, but the interested, expectant look faded from her face and she grew very white.
"Mother!" he exclaimed, his voice sounding harsh and unnatural, "why don't you say something?"

He held her small hand so tightly that i must have hurt her. "Mother!" he repeated, "speak! tell mewas it so?" "No, Stuart," she said slowly, "It was

But her words gave him no sense o relief. Her whole manner was so differen from what he had expected that the terrible doubt seemed to be crystallizing like ice about his heart. "Mother!" he said sharply, "tell me the truth about my father!" "I do, Stuart," she said sadly. "I have always told you the truth." If he could only have believed her! Bu

it was not like this that he had expected her to deny it. Where were her surprise, her indignation, her righteons wrath? At least it was evident that he had not told her a new story. "Was my father the cashier of the ——th National Bank?" he asked, trying to speak

very calmly. "Yes, Stuart." The bands of ice closed in around his heart. They were so palpable and tangible that he could almost touch them.

"Did he take \$40,000!" His breath came short and fast. He had risen and stood in front of her, looking directly at her. She threw up her arms a little, and her hands seemed to flutter feebly toward him. "Oh, Stuart." she cried, "I will not have you doubt him; he was the truest, noblest

man in the world "Mother," he said sternly, "you'd better tell me the truth, now." She looked at him a second, and for the first time in all his life, she felt his nature "Tell me!" he repeated, "did he take forty thousand dollarst

"He did not take it, Stuart," she said eagerly, "he never touched a pouny. It "Who?" he asked quietly. "Oh, I do not know," she cried in a sor

of dumb despair; I never understood. It was-all too horrible." "Why was it not investigated?"

"It was-that is, they were just begin-ning, and then, oh, Stuart-he died!" "Died-answer me, mother, did he kill "No!" she almost shricked; "No, Stuart no! He died in his own bed. I was with him. It was apoplexy. They brought him home, and I was there. He did not know me, but I never left him. Oh, Stuart, you are cruel, cruel, to say such things!"

She broke down completely and began to

sob. She rocked to and fro, making a lit He looked at her sadly, but he did not offer to comfort her. "So the investigation stopped with his life?" he asked. "Yes," she said, between her sobs, "I

gave them all that I could, and they didn't do anything more. "You gave them-" he repeated after her, in amazement, "you gave them money! To hush the matter up! Is that what you meanf Did you buy them off?"

She took her handkerchief from her eyes, which seemed to dry suddenly, as if the indignation which had arisen within her stop-

ped her tears. "Stuart." she said harshly, "you are his son, but not even you shall talk like that. I gave them money—all that I could spare—because I would not see his dear name dragged through the mud and mire. I knew he was innocent; why should I want it proved? I was alone, and I could not have borne the agony of having him-his life, his deeds, his very thoughts, perhaps-picked to pieces and coldly criticised by men who believed that he might be guilty. No. I saved his name from that, at least."

He looked at her coldly. "A strange way to save it!" he exclaimed.
"If my father was innocent, all the investigations in the world would not have burt him. If he was guilty, it would have been time enough then to buy off his accusers, as you seem to have done. How much did you give them?"

Thirty thousand dollars." "Why didn't you make up the whole amount?" he asked bitterly. "Because I could not. I had to save a little for you. You were his child. I had to educate you and take care of you, as he would have done."

They looked at each other silently. It was the most miserable moment in Stuart Dawson's life. Not only was he full of shame for his father, whom he had so reverenced and honored, but he felt that he had been tricked, deceived and played upon by the person whom he had most loved and trusted in the world.

He looked at her, with her sweet, gentle face, and thought how she had made his life one long lie,
"My God!" he gasped, "if there is a God! is there nothing true in the world!" He was staggered and dazed by the blow. and by the revelation of what seemed to him his mother's deceit. But you cannot

detach love, all in a moment, from the object around which it has grown for years. You must unclasp the tendrils one by one. Should the object fall, love falls too, clinging as it falls. He loved his mother still: it was the habit of his life. He longed to fling himself be-fore her and bury his face in her lap, and be comforted. Then, with a great wave of bitterness, the thought came over him, that never again could she comfort him. He never again could she comfort him. He could not trust her any more. He might love her in a sad, blighted sort of way, and be tender of her, for the old love's sake, but the sweet companionship that had been the biggest part of his life, was over

forever. Then it occurred to him suddenly that she might have deceived herself. Perhaps she did not know what she was doing. he could make her see the hideousness all her long deceit, she would recoil from i as he had done. She would be filled with remorse. She would beg him to forgive her, and though life would never be quite the same to them, they might go on, at least to-

over again, or rather—I never had a father. I have lost my faith in yon. I am ashamed among men, my father's name—"
"Stuart!" she interrupted, "I will not listen to you! You are my boy, my own, my one baby, but do you think I can let even you raise your voice against him? I have never deceived you, never! Every word that I have told you about your father was true. There was nothing in his life to be ashamed of, or in mine either; until to-day, when his son, his only son, doubts him, insults his memory and tramples on his name!" ples on his name!"

She stopped; she was trembling all over.

He looked at her hopelessly. Would they never come any nearer together than this? Then a great feeling of pity for her came over him; pity for her anguish and for her wasted love and lovalty.

He put his hand on her shoulder.

"Poor little mother," he said, "we will never speak of it again. Promise me never to mention my father's name again, and we

'what you have done? You have brought

me up to believe in things that were never true. All my life has been founded on

what was false. I have lost my father

over again, or rather-I never had a father.

to mention my father's name again, and we will let it all pass." But she did not yield to his touch. She was rigid and impassive.
"Not mention his name!" she cried. "Why should I promise you such a thing as that? It is as though I acknowledged that there was something shameful about it. I will

He took his hand from her shoulder and looked at her. Then, after quite a long time, in which neither of them spoke, he left the

He stopped irresolutely at the door, and said, "Good night," without turning.
"Good night," she answered quietly, but her heart beat fast. He had never left her She heard the hall door slam.

"Stuart! Stuart!" she screamed, "come

back; don't leave me so!"
But he did not hear her. He had gone She sat for a long time where he had left her, crying quietly. Then she rose, put out the light, and went up stairs. Her pil-low was wet that night, and as she buried her face in it, she said half to herself, and half to that dead husband, whom she had never for one hour forgotten:

"Do not mind him, darling. He did not know. I know and I love you always." Stuart Dawson realized in the hard days which followed this talk with his mother that there is nothing which more thoroughly crushes the joy out of life than to be at variance with one welove. His whole life was changed, and for a while he could scarcely realize where or who he was. Then, as things gradually settled down into shape, he became conscious of carrying with him adult heavy facility that of ng with him a dull, heavy feeling, that effectually prevented any gladness from ris-

ing in his heart. It seemed as if a solid stone wall separated him from his mother. He could not pass it to go to her; she would not to come to him. He could see her on the other side —see her with painful distinctness, as she waited in her great loneliness, yearning for the love that he had always, given her. Her eyes haunted him, they were so sad and pleading. He felt that a man must be a brute to make his mother feel so, and yet he could not help it. He would have been tender and loving, if he only could, but

there was a great shadow between them. They were hopelessly estranged. He would have said to her so gladly: "Mother, come back to me. Let me love you and forgive everything. But this she did not want. She had no wish to be forgiven. She demanded justification and approval for what she had done.

This trouble was crushing to her, She had lived a quiet, narrow life, with but one interest-her great, absorbing love for her son, and with but one aim-to so influence this son that he should love his father. When, therefore, this was all taken from her at one blow, she was like one paralyzed. She never thought of yielding one jet of her loyalty to her husband. She would have died first. She did nearly die. She grew very pale and thin, and seemed to change quite suddenly from a person of middle age into a fragile old lady.

She did not believe that Stuart would ever be one in heart with her again. She gave up hope, and failed in health and Stuart referred to his father but once. "Mother, I have written to the ---National Bank to ask about that affair."

She turned very pale, but did not speak. He did not look at her. "Yes," he continued firmly, "it is my right. I want to know all. I must know!" She rose, trembling in every limb. "I cannot help what you do. Stuart," she id. "I have no power over you any longer. But I want to tell you that it does not mat-

ter. If you-if the bank-if the whole world should call him guilty, I would not believe it." Then feebly, and yet with a certain sweet dignity, she left the room Stuart sprang to help her, for she seemed very weak, but she waved him aside, and would not let him touch her.

That very night a strange thing happened to Stuart Dawson. Coming home in the twilight, he met a young girl, who steppe in front of him, and said-the clear colo mounting into her face as she spoke-"It is so long since we have seen you, Mr. Dawson. Have you been away?"
"No, Miss Nora," he answered, hesitat-

ingly, "I-I have not been very well."
They looked at each other awkwardly for a moment, and then she passed on. He was angry with himself in a minute that he had not turned around and walked with her. She had always seemed to him the nicest girl that he had ever known, but now, since this trouble had come to him, it was as if he had lorgotten her, or had known her in another life. He thought of her though, constantly, after this meeting-of

the sweet color in her face and the touch of sympathy in her voice. In the evening she seemed to draw him to her. He dressed himself mechanically. not seeming to realize why he was doing it; then, in the same inert way, he walked to her door. She did not seem surprised to see him. It was as if she had known that he would come.

After a little they were left alone in the drawing-room, and then-he could not have told wby-he found himself telling her all the cruel sorrow that had come to him. He had not spoken of it to any other person, and it seemed now as if he told it without any volition of his own.

She listened, her face alive with sympa-thy. Her sensitive mouth quivered a little when he had finished, and there were tears "Oh, what can I say?" she cried. "I am Stuart felt as though he had been talking of some one else. Something had deadened the dull pain which he had carried for so

"It must have been terrible." she said. after a little, "I do not see how you have borne it." He had a confused sense that he did not understand what she-was telking about. He wanted to tell her that whatever it was it did not matter. It did not matter at all; nothing mattered except that he must take

long so that he did not feel it.

He did not tell her this, but he looked straight at her hand which was lying in her lap. Her dress was black, and her hand looked small and white against it. Everything else in the world was a blur but that white hand lying next the black dress. The moment when he could resist no longer arrived. He leaved forward and classed arrived. He leaned forward and clasped

She did not resist, but she looked at him questioningly. "Oh," she cried, "what are you doing?"
"I must." he answered gravely. He held
it for a few seconds, then he raised is to his ips and kissed it. She struggled then until she drew it away, and her breath came quickly. He looked at her as if he had suddenly awakened.

"I beg your pardon," he said, "I do not know what I am doing; I think I must be They eyed each other in silence-a si-lence in which each seemed to read the

other's heart. He was the first to speak. "I have no right," he said, ... coherently; "will you forgive mef I ought not to have come-but you have been so good to me. must leave you-I ought to go. I want to try to think."

He rose as if with a great effort, and stood in front of her. "Will you forgive me?" he asked. "I did not mean to hurt you-I-" "Good night," she said simply, and then, in a tone that was almost a whisper, she

"You will come to see me again?"
Before she had finished the blood rushed furiously over her face and neck. She looked like one caught in a tide against which he vainly struggles.

Stuart leaned over her.

Stuart leaned over her.
"Indeed I will," he answered softly, "in- day, said: "When a colored man gets a litnot seem pessible at first that their talk could have any reference to him. His brain as they were now.

Out in the dark he tried to calm his he goes to preaching or to the feverish thoughts. What was he doing? Shain-gang."

Ransas City Journal But unless the signs fail the interstate-feverish thoughts. What was he doing? Shain-gang."

READING FOR SUNDAY. In the Breaking of the Day.

In the gray of Easter even,
When the light begins to fade,
Fly two angels out of heaven,
Veiled in vesper shade. And they watch by those that sleep,
As they watched Immanuel's rest,
And they comfort all who weep,
As they soothed sad Mary's breast.
Soft they whisper through the night,
"Wait until the morning light!

From your sorrow look away To the breaking of the day!" In the Easter dawn victorious,
When the stars in rose-light fade,
Rise those angels, plumed and glorious,

Like the sun arrayed. And they gather up the flowers

'From the purple plains of morning,
Far and wide in bloomy showers,
Graves of midnight woe adorning—
Saying, singing, "Christ is risen!
Wetch reserved. Watch no more the open prison; He has led your loved away In the breaking of the day!"

-Frances L. Mace, in Harper's Magazine. International Sunday - School Lesson fo April 13, 1890. STUDIES IN LUKE.

THE WIDOW OF NAIN-Luke vii, 11-18. Golden Text-They glorifled God, saying tha great prophet is risen up among us.-Luke

never seen her at all before,—she belonged to him, and he should claim her!

The last thing he saw before he went to sleep that night was a white hand against a black dress—a hand that seemed to charm, to hypnotize him, so that he was WHAT THE LESSON TEACHES. unconscious of anything else. He went to see her the next night, and New York Independent. the next, and the next. She did not seem astonished at the suddenness of his passion. It seemed to them both as natural as the blossoming of a rose. She gave him her love, frankly and gladly. He was so happy that it did not seem possible he could be the same man who had staggered only a few days before under his weight of trouble. It is not to be disputed that the faith of the world in the divinity of Christ rests mainly on his own resurrection from the dead, and confirmatively on his power to raise dead people. In this supreme case the physician that could heal others was able to heal himself. But merely to raise one from the dead is not a proof of divinity. If what Luke tells us in the book of Acts is true, Peter had a like power; and it is an It was not like the same world either. "All the past things were past and over!"
His father was nothing to him now, his
promised wife everything. He could not
tell his mother about it all. He shut her open question whether Paul did not perform the same miracle on the youth that fell out of his paradise. It was asleep and out of the window under his own pure and sweet a place for one whose life was sullied with so much deceit. He pitied her, he loved preaching-a custom, by the way, which his apostolic successors have studiously ignored. But Christ raised three from the dead, in order that no doubt be cast upon his superhuman power. It is not too preposterou sa position to take that it is a sufficient proof of some quality higher than her, but they were forever separated. He went one night with Nora to the theatre. The play was one of common type, where the heorine is made to believe that her lover is unfaithful, and rashly marries human for one person to raise three dead people unto life. If Christ had not risen after his death, we should still call him di-They talked about it a little after they came home, and he asked her hypothetical vine, on the strength of his incomparable questions, and reveled in her answers, which told him in a dozen different ways life and his extra-natural achievements.

But where is the moral of this miracle? how much she loved him.
"What would you do," he said, "if you should hear from the most credible witness Where is the faith? Where is there even an element receptive of the Christi None at all that Luke thought fit to bring out.

An overwhelming desire for life was doubt-She looked at him a moment, her eyes less shared by the young man at his death, shining with love and trust. and by the mother as she walked before "Stuart," she said, "if the whole world the covered body. This miracle, together should call you guilty, I would not believe with many other acts of Christ, proves that the faith that is dynamic is sufficient. Something passed through his heart as quick and keen as a sabre stroke. Where There is no arbitrary necessity of making a noise over it. The deepest trust does not had he heard those words before? They show in violent gestures or in hysterical were his mother's words, and it was of his father that she spoke! All the deceit, the obstinary, the hardness of his mother words, but in a quiet, well-ordered life. The grief and longing of the mother, expressed only by the bowed head and in seemed transformed, and he saw it as it andible sobs, were sufficient to arrest the truly was, only the same great love which the woman beside him gave to him. Christ, that he might arouse the boy to life. Note the extreme simplicity of the biblical He had his arms around her, but he took narrative. Two yerses are enough to tell of this miracle; yet there are only five like it in the Bible. The narrators gave the

fast, to stern logic and a million more

marvels, different only in degree, need not

Christ's word comes to each "Arise,

Wake your energies. To live is to act

The most highly-developed being is the

honest follower of the noblest example.

Man is creative in all planes but the

spiritual. Here he needs a guide,

dippery but passable. Therefore Christ

Poor John! One of the noblest and most

pathetic figures in history is the imprisoned

Baptist. There are thousands of incarcer-

ated beings who cannot see the Christian

advance with their own eyes or to help it with their own hands. Their case seems

hopeless and their life vain. But the cheers

from along the line reach to the chambers

of the sick, and amid the severest suffering

Of General Interest,

The Salvation Army reports over seventy

housand penitents at its altars in the

The seventh annual report of th

Woman's Home Missionary Society in con-

nection with and read at the recent Phila-

lelphia conference showed that there are

The trustees of the Lucknow Christian

College have been informed by Rev. Dr. D.

necessary buildings.

W. Thomas that an aged Christian gentle-

The number of communicants in 1889 in

cretary Arnold, of the British branch

that the next Echmenical Conference of the Alliance will be held in the city of Florence, Italy, in April, 1891. He says that for several years past it has been in contemplation to hold one international conference in Italy, but the way has not

The Catholic population of the United

States is estimated at 8,277,230. There are

8,332 Catholic priests, 7.523 churches, 3,302

chapels, 35 seminaries with 2,132 students.

102 colleges, 685 academies, 553 charitable institutions, 5,194 parochial schools with 623,238 pupils, 13 archbishops, 78 bishops, 13

archdioceses, 66 dioceses, 5 vicariates-apos-

The principle on which many of our church fairs seem to be managed is carried out to a greater degree in Russia. E. B. Lanin writes in the Fortnightly Review:

"In order to get together the refreshments

which constitute an essential element of the feast of Kuzminki in honor of Saint Cosmus and Damian, all the unmarried girls of the place rob and steal, without ex-

ception, and not only do they steal from their parents and relations, but they ex-

tend the operation to perfect strangers, whose money, fowls and movable property

Thoughts for the Day.

ready when your opportunity comes. - Bea-

It must ever remain a fact of profound significance that one of Christ's closest

friends, Thomas, was a semi-skeptic.

In doing good we are generally cold, and languid, and sluggish, and of all things afraid of being too much in the right. But

the works of malice and injustice are quite in another style. They are finished in a bold, masterly hand; touched, as they are with the spirit of those vehement passions

that call forth all our energies, whenever

Thou shalt reap of that thou sowest, though thy

God soall clothe it as He pleases, for the harvest

Believe and trust. Through stars and suns,

-Hanna F. Gonld.

-Frances Ridley Havergal.

we oppress and persecute.-Burke.

Day of glory, day of power, Sacred be thine every hoar; Emblem, earnest, of the rest

That remaineth for the blest.

grain be small and bare;

full and fair.

The great secret of success in life is to be

been open until the present.

tolic and 1 prefecture-apostolic.

who resist."

the joy of triumphant victory is born.

United Kingdom within four months.

stagger the intellect.

them away. "I must go to my mother, Nora," he said. "I have been cruel to her, I have tortured blasted fig-tree a greater importance. Is it her. I did not understand resumptuous to surmise that Christ raised His face had a rapt, transfigured look, as from the dead many others of whom no acof one who sees a vision or listens to a holy too common to excite particular comment She did not try to detain him. She was Even to give life to inanimate clay was not awe-struck by his terrible earnestness. the greatest work in a life of miracles. Ac He bent over her and kissed her. cept the smallest of Christ's miracles! Hold

"I think God has let good women love us in this world," he said reverently, "to teach us about Him. He went out in an agony of remorse This love which had come to him and made a new heaven and a new earth for him-this love, the most blessed, holy thing in life, was the same love that his mother had given to his father all these years, and for which he had blamed and almost despised

that I was faithless and unworthy of you?"

Christ comes to supply the chasm in human hopes. But the chasm has become the It seemed as if he could not get to her mountain of effort. The heights are the fast enough. victories over the sins of intellect and of He burst into the room where she was the flesh. The glistening peaks of purity are not beyond our horizon. The road is sitting, sad and alone, as she had been so much of late. He went up to her and took her in his still says "Arise."

"Mother, oh, mother!" he cried, "forgive me! I did not know! You have been right always. Your love and trust have been pure and beautiful. Oh, mother, forgive A wonderful look of happiness came into her delicate face. She put her head upon

his shoulder. "Dear Stuart!" she said softly. He kissed her faded cheek. "Oh, mother," he said, brokenly, "I have been blind-cruel-wicked! I did not know until another woman showed me. have loved him in the true, holy way that she loves me, and if-I should ever have a child, I should ask for no greater blessing than that she should teach him, as you

taught me." They were silent for a few minutes, and he held her closely to him. They seemed to forgive and understand each other without the need of many words. Then she

said, timidly but firmly: "And, Stuart, do you-de you believe in man has proposed to give an annuity of seventeen thousand dollars for the erection of Poor little woman! She could not accept reconciliation with her only son at the price of disloyalty to his father!

the Presbyterian Church in America was He hesitated only a minute. 753,000, and their contributions \$12,903,000. "Yes, mother," he said, "I believe he was a true, honest man. He could not have been an average of \$17 for each communicant The figures for the Congregationalists were anything else, loved with such a love." 475,000, and \$7,600,000, an average of \$16, and She smiles with the contented smile of for the Episcopalians, 480,000 communi-cants, \$11,500,000 in contributions, and an one who rests at last. "Stuart," she said softly, "a letter came average of \$24. from that bank. I am glad you said that of the Evangelical Alliance, announces before you opened it." that the next Ecumenical Conference of

He went to get his letter. When he came back he was very quiet, with the intense quiet of a terribly-excited person.

"Mother," he cried, in a harsh unnatural voice, "he did not take it! They have been investigating the old books and he was wronged, mother, cruelly wronged! The old officers are most of them dead now, but I think they took some money fraudulently. Some one else was guilty, not my father, and we will unearth it all. We will sift it to the bottom. His name shall be cleared, he was innocent, mother, innocent! Aren't you happy now?"

"Yes, Stuart," she answered calmly, "but you see I knew it all the time!" He looked at her in silence, dumb before the miracle of such love, and then he remembered that just such love was his and a great flood of thankfulness rushed over his soul.

-Bessie Chandler, in the Home-Maker. Written for the Sunday Journal. Louisville.

March 27, 1890.1 Day slumbered, and the storm-dogs all were tied, Fast by their kennels in the fading West, Save one, the swiftest and the savagest A dreadful brute, red-fanged and fiery-eyed, Who slipped his slackened leash and bounded

Deep-baying down the dusk, with shaggy breast, Precipitate, and panting, and possess'of terrors, which the darkness multiplie God! that some Bruxton, rising in his might. Had choked the monster's life out, ere his mouth Had set its teeth upon the helpless South, And wrought the havoe of that fearful night— O Death, how multiform! O Life, how frail!

How filmy, O Mortality, thy veil!

—James Newton Matthews.

Just Asked Out of Curiosity.

Detroit Free Press. An ex-captain of volunteers was entertaining a few friends in an office on Larned street with some of his army adventures, when a new arrival listened for a moment and then interrupted with-"Excuse me, Captain, but how is it when a man is in battle?"

"How do you mean?" "Does he have time to think of outside "Well, bardly." "Just has his mind occupied by what is going on around him!"

"Was that the way with you!" "I suppose so." "For instance, while you were fighting at Gettysburg you didn't let your mind wander back to me, did you?" "Exactly-all right-I didn't suppose you

did. You went away owing me \$10, you know, and I didn't know but it bothered His wise, paternal purpose runs; you. All right-all right-it's outlawed now and I shan't ask for it. Go on Cap-The darkness of His providence Is star-lit with benign intents. tain, and tell 'em how you won glory and renown and didn't think of me." O joy supreme! I know the voice, Like none beside on earth and sea; Yea, More, O soul of mine, rejoice! Beautiful Christian Sentiment.

By all that He requires of me I know what God Hiself must be. Atlanta Constitution. -Whittier. Rev. Sam Jones, in a sermon to the col-Millennium Failed to Materialize.

such a flourish of trumpets, which was to reform so many abuses and create a little millennium in the world of radroads and shippers, will, before very long, be amended until it is unrecognizable or will be repealed altogether.

HUMOR OF THE DAY.

That Explained It. At the New York Hospital. Surgeon What brought you to this dreadful cond tion? Were you run over by a street-car?
Patient-No, sir, 1 fainted and was brought to by a member of the Society of First Aid to the Injured.

Does the Office Boy Acknowledge One?

"Can't you make better time than this?"
asked a merchant of an office boy who had
consumed too much time on an errand. "My dear sir," replied the boy, who was from Boston, "I do not make time at all. I merely use that provided by a higher

The Reason.

Lippincott's Magazine, First Flea - You look all worn out. What's the matter? Second Flea-Been on a tramp for about six months. First Flea-Stopped from exhaustion,

Second Flea-No. Tramp died.

Pretty far Gone. Deagan (who has swallowed a fish-bone) How-ow-how-wow! Mrs. Deagan—How d' yez feel, Patty! Deagan-Did Tim run fer the ambylanch! Mrs. Deagan-He did. Deagan-Lave him countymand it an' orther a hear-r-rse. Thot's how Oi feel!

The Secret in Painting. Mrs. Artless-Good morning, Mr. Palette. I've but a moment to spare; can you tell me briefly the secret of your art? Artist Palette-Certainly, madame. You have only to select the right colors and put

them on the right spot.
Mrs. Artless-Oh, I see. Thank you, very Rushing the Free Delivery.

Mr. Green Gage (of Plum Creek, stopping letter carrier)—Hev ye got any letters for

Carrier-But I don't know you, sir." Mr. Green Gage-S'pose not; I only come to taown yesterday. But look through your bag: I ain't got time to go to the postoffice to-day.

Lost oliteness.

Mrs. De Ruyter-My dear, here is a printed note with your contributions returned by the Hightone Magazine. It says: "The reection of an article does not necessarily imply lack of merit." Mr. W. M. Thackeray de Ruyter (scornfully)-Huh! Anybody might know that

from the stuff they print.

A Good Example Lippincott's Magazine. Indignant Servant (complaining to misress)-Th' haythen kissed me. Mistress-How dare you do such a thing, John-Master he say, 'John, you try make

good man allee same white man. You do allee same like me.' Me do allee same like master; Ilish girl kickee.

As It Struck Willie. Philadelphia Inquirer. Willie (coming home from church)-Papa, they hadn't learned how to pray very wel in Bible times, had they? Papa—I suppose, my son, people could pray then as well as they do now. Willie (positively)-No, they couldn't. The Lord's Prayer is only a minute long and our minister can pray for a quarter of an hour.

SPRING FASHIONS. Lace and net toques and cactus lace-straw toques in nearly flat shapes are sent over both from Paris and London, and are

trimmed with soft rosettes of Comete rib-A black lace dress is now considered of as much importance as a black wool gown. La Mode approves guipure, Russian or fisher's net, and the French lace, which is the dressiest of these varieties and always

in good taste. Accompanying elegant spring costumes of silk or fine wool are pretty shoulder capes of velvet in plain colors of moss green, terra cotta, Marquise brown, mahogany and black, that will be in use all summer when a slight wrap is needed. These are lined with shot silk, and are wholly un-

trimmed. A very strong effort is being made to bring into vogue the broad-ribbon tie, but so far without success. The reasons for this are found, so say the milliners, in the fact that broad ribbons are difficult to tie, soon show signs of wear and are at best

decidedly prim looking. The frou-frou black nets, with ribbons drawn through the meshes, make stylish toques and turbaus, trimmed with merely a cluster of roses, violets or pale-yellow jonquils, in very light, open designs, and are given more character by a twist of velvet passing along the edge next the hair.

The artistic and very fashionable mediaval tea-gowns with cuirass bodices and full skirts are charmingly made of the new flower-brocaded China silks and the raretinted, small-patterned Pompadour satins. Antique sleeves and berthas of every style and variety are added to these gowns with

India silks are a world in themselves and remain for the most part in conservative floral patterns, while being especial exponents of new colors. Japanese wash silks are in much demand and in half-inch stripes of delicate alternating colors, are delightfully soft in texture and in every way adapted to feminine wear in warm

weather. Jerseys of every description give promise of again being more popular than they have proved in several seasons past. The white stockinette jerseys are finer and more flexible than ever, and in many instances are richly trimmed with gold or silver passementerie, diagonal folds of soft white silk and white silk cord galloon, or costly Persian bands in shaded silks, and gold, bronze, and silver threads.

The figured linen batiste and cambric shirt-waists affected in neglige dress last summer have appeared again at all fashionable furnishing houses, and are prettier than eyer, both in shape and material. Brier-stitching is still used as a dainty finish to the pleats, collar and cuffs. A substitute for these for the chilly days that always appear at the seaside and mountain resorts, even in midsummer, is the blouse of summer flannel, in old rose, russet, Rogenerally, they seize upon with that con-tempt of consequence which befits apostles of a religious cause. The lads also steal, giving the booty to the girls. They have no hesitation about using violence to all man red, cream white, and also of tennis cloth, in stripes, checks, and fine geometrical patterns.

Round waists, accompanying evening dressers, just received from Paris, are wholly bias at the sides under the arms, with one very deep dart, a number of soft surplice folds draping the corsage front, those of some diphanous texture, with similar folds, forming a dainty arching puff on the shoulders. There are also painted bodices of China silk, figured with beautiful Watteau designs, these in exquisite evening tints, made with short sleeves, with intricate ribbon triuming arranged diagonally across the waist tronts, with

love-knots on the shoulders. An Awakening. A book of mine at auction! There it is, Named in the catalogue. By Jove! I'll go Down to the sale, if I can leave my biz,

And hear my brain-work bid upon, and so Give treat unto my vanity. I'll see How high the estimation people place Upon the little volume writ by me. I hope my blushes will not burn my face.

I kept my resolution. Yes, I did. And, oh, how sorry am I now I went! Upon my work there came a single bid.
Twas mine. I got the book. The tax-one -Carlyle Smith, in Harper's Magazine.

His Ideal Man. Sam Jones, in a Recent Sermon. My ideal of a man is John the Baptist, who jumped on a king and stomped the very feathers out of him. When he was put in jail he said he would stay there until the

ants carried him out through the key-hole

before he would modify anything that he

Couldn't Measure It.

"How long was Bronson's speech?"
"I don't know. I didn't have my gasmoter with me."

OUT OF THE ORDINARY.

A collection of postage stamps belonging to one of the Rothschilds was recently sold

for \$60,000. About 1.509 different kinds of dream-books are in the market, and all of them

A buzzard with a be'l fastened around its neck has been flopping around in the neigh-borhood of Cedar Creek, Ga.

During her last trip the Allan line steamer Polynesian was obliged to use sugar for fuel, the supply of coal having given out. An exhibition of 1,000 different sorts of horseshoes, including some made by the ancient Romans, is now going on in London. The biggest school boy in Rhode Island is believed to be William Davis, of Westerly, who is thirteen years old, and weighs 287

The aggregate weight of the family of Isaac Gloer, of Bowman, Ga., consisting of himself, wife and four children, is 1,830

The Gainesville (Fla.) Forniture Com-pany has just completed a table composed of one thousand pieces of wood of different kinds and colors.

A father and son of Williamsport, Pa., have walked 81,000 miles together. They are umbrella-menders, and have traveled all over the State. A prisoner in the Albany penitentiary, whose term is about to expire, has asked permission to remain for a year and care

for the flower-beds. An observing Georgia man claims that the crow digs a hole and buries in it the corn which it secures in the field, holding the supply until necessity compels its use. There is a Guinea rooster at New Martins-ville, W. Va., that objects to red-headed people who look at him, and fiercely at-tacks all red-headed children who come

near him. W. D. Savi, an Indian government official, captured forty-seven elephants in one drive at Chirangiri, in the Garo Hills, on Feb. 4. They made his total catch for two months

nearly 150. While plowing in a field in Georgia a nest of hornets was unearthed by the plow. They immediately pounced upon the ani-mal and stung him to death before he could

A man, with a penchant for statistics, has computed that more than four million miles of blood pass through the veins of an ordinary human being during a lifetime of seventy years.

A citizen of Lexington, Ga., who desired to buy a pistol for another man, but hadn't the cash to pay for it, went to a dealer and purchased half a ron of guano on credit and swapped it for the pistol.

Capt. J. M. Johnson, of Macon, Ga., owns a large plantation on the line of the Amerwest Georgia, which he is stocking with partridges brought from Connecticut. At a recent ball in London the electric

light was arranged to vary in color, being alternately red, blue, green and yellow. The ladies didn't like it, as it ruined in alternation the effect of all their costumes. A postal-card was recently delivered in England fifteen years after it had been posted, having been found at the bottom of a letter-box, where it had doubtless lain unnoticed ever since it was first dropped in. A rat which attacked a brood of chickens at Pottstown, Pa., was killed by the hen, and after the battle the barn-yard rooster, who had viewed the battle from a

safe perch on the fence, celebrated the victory by crowing lustily. The porter at the Union Depot at Atchison, Kan., picks up fifty cents' worth of whisky flasks about the waiting-room every week, which he sells at a drug store for a cent apiece. He frequently runs across the same bottle as often as half a

Pleasantville, N. J., has a citizen with twenty-five fingers and toes. Some of them had to be cut off because they restricted his freedom of action. The freak in this case appears to be a family one, his father and his brothers and sisters having had seven toes on each of their left feet. A Macon, Ga., man has a knife which has

dozen times a week.

been in his possession for years and years. On the blade is stamped the date 1760. Enos. Furness, one of the oldest knife manufacturers in England, was the maker. 'In spite of its 130 years the knife is yet good for airother twenty years of usefulness. During a foot-ball game at Peebleshire, Scotland, a short time since, two of the players collided with such force that one of them, a youth of twenty, named William

Ferrier, who was struck in the stomach, dropped insensible, and died a few hours later from concussion of the brain. It is a curious fact that the Curragh of Kildare, which is a common just outside of the village, is the only piece of real estate in Ireland for which no rent is paid. It is used by all the residents of the locality as a feeding ground for cattle and goats.

Job Biggs, the mail-carrier on the Campbetl, N. C., route, delivers his mail to the offices an foot, walking twenty-four miles one day and thirty-one miles the next day. During a year he steps over 8,454 miles, and at this rate would cover the circuit of the globe in three years, exclusive of Sundays. A Knoxville barber shaved a man recently who resides in the Smoky mountains, and whose beard had been growing since

the battle of Chickamanga. The man, whose name is Harmer, was in the confederate army, and shaved the day before the battle, and had not shaved since. He said he had got tired of wearing so much hair and wanted it removed. Evan Adams, of Pleasantville, N. J., who has had 126 housekeepers since the death of

his wife, about seven years ago, was driven the other day to the roof of his house by his last housekeeper, who, armed with an ax, had demanded her wages and a letter which she claimed he had intercepted. She recovered her letter, but was compelled to leave without her wages. In the Breaking of the Day,

When the light begins to fade, Fly two angels out of beaven, Veiled in vesper shade.

And they watch by those that sleep.

As they watched Immanuel's rest, And they comfort all who weep, As they soothed sad Mary's breast, Soft they whisper through the night, Wait until the morning light!

In the gray of Easter even.

From your sorrow look away To the breaking of the day." In the Easter dawn victorious When the stars in rose-light fade, Rise those angels, plumed and glorious, Like the sun arrayed. And they gather up the flowers From the purple plains of morning, Far and wide in bloomy showers, Graves of midnight woe adorning-

Saying, singing, "Christ is risen! Watch no more the open prison; He has led your loved away In the breaking of the day!" -Frances L. Mace, in Harper's Magazine.

Why Grant Chose Sheridan.

Washington Post. At Culpepper C. H., Va., in 1864, General Grant one day entered the adjutant's of-fice, Lieutenant-colonel T. S. Bowers filling that position on his staff, and Brigadier-general John A. Rawlins, his chief-of-staff, being present, and said: "Colonel Bowers, if you were going to select a commander for the cavalry arm of the Potomac army who would be the man?" The Colonel modeatly replied that, knowing Kilpatrick to be a man of unquestioned bravery and dash, he would choose him. Grant then turned to General Rawlins and requested his choice. Rawlins replied: "We have tried General Crook in many tions, and have always found bim the man for the emergency and the place, and he is a cavalry officer of much prudence; he would be my choice." Grant smoked silently, and apparently unconcerned for a few moments, and then re-plied, substantially: "Colonel. I am pleased with your friendship for Kilpatrick, and have no doubt as to his ability, his bravery, and his dash as a cavalry commander, but he is not the man for the emergency that now confronts us." Then, turning to General Rawlins, whom he always addressed familiarly as John, said: "John, everything you say of Crook is true. He is a brave, cautious and trustworthy efficer, and might, perhaps, fill the position admirably, but I have selected a man, who, I think, combines all the dash of Kilpatrick and all the prudence of Crook in one, and that man is Phil Sheridan."

It Worked Well.

Kansas City Journal. The Australian system of voting was in-augurated in the State of Missouri vesterday. There may be some other cause for the change, but it is a significant coincidence that with that system comes sweeping Republican gains in every part of the